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SPRITE FANCY

SPRITE FANCY roams o'er field and fen,
O'er hills and seas, through wood and glen;
O'er nature all doth Fancy roam,
For nature all is Fancy's home.
There is no scene but Fancy knows,
No lovely bank where wild-flower grows,
No barren waste where nature frowns,
Not swept by Fancy's fairy gowns.

Sprite Fancy roams through mortal dreams,
In reverie she fairest seems;
Our world she roams, and everywhere
There's mind and wit, is Fancy there;
Fair imagery Sprite Fancy brings
Of sweet, unthought of, haunting things.
Her magic is in woman's smiles,
Youth finds enchantment in her wiles.

Most happy they by her beguiled,
Like him the bard name's Fancy's child.
Oh, happy all whom Fancy calls,
Whom Fancy loves inspires, entralls.
If that the gods one prayer would hear,
And grant but one, one wish most dear,
Then should I pray to roam with thee,
O Fancy, to eternity.

—Charles W. Vernon, Jr.

JEMIMA'S WEDDING

UNFORTUNATELY, I have forgotten who it is that insists on there being worthy motives in all things we undertake, especially in the selection of events and plots in story writing. This person—doubtless a *celebrité* whose name you are simply dying to tell me, to prove at least that your memory is not yet so far gone—somewhere—and I again ask to be excused for lack of explicitness—says, as already hinted in the former sentence—that in all writings there should be a deep significance underlying the veneer, as in the writings of Bunyan and *Æsop*. The story I'm going to relate, if you will, is not only true, but has the very essence of mysticism, morality and meaning.

You remember Longinus, that dear old man of Zenobia's court? Well, he defines the five sources out of whose combinations the attainment of the sublime in literature is effected. All these I have faithfully used, viz.: Boldness and Grandeur of Thought; the Pathetic or Power of Raising the Passions to a violent and even enthusiastic degree; a Skillful Application of Figures; a noble and graceful expression, "which is not only to chuse out significant and elegant Words, but also to adorn and embellish the Stile by the Assistance of Tropes" [trans. by the Rev. Wm. Smith, A.M., 1739]; and lastly Structure or Composition of Periods in all possible Dignity and Grandeur. Now, following this worthy advice of that childlike, and therefore lovable, philosopher, I—in the story you shall hear directly—also have observed R. L. Stevenson's precaution and admonition to end it up happily.

Deeming it necessary to inform you of all these prerequisites beforehand, I now with alacrity plunge into my tale:

One afternoon, as I was seated comfortably in my study—I live in New York, write for one or two journals for old times' sake, and study pretty much by way of amusement *nam ceteræ neque temporum sunt neque ætatum omnium neque locorum*, etc.—but, to return to that afternoon when I was seated comfortably in my study, at the precise hour of five, pretending to be absorbed in a treatise on the Metaphysics of Ethics. You can imagine the depths of my concentration.

A woman suddenly stalked into the room. She paused for a moment, selected a chair and sighed imperceptibly—yet I confess I heard her.

She seemed to be tall—whether she actually was or not, I couldn't say—and well dressed—in gray—with a bit of pink on her hat. A veil—it was heavy—covered features the charm of which I was yet to learn.

Now, there is nothing unusual—I mention this by way of explanation—in a person (man or woman) coming directly to my sanctum without previous introduction or announcement, so I leisurely wheeled my chair around and accosted the female in gray.

"Good afternoon," said I, "I hope you are well."

"Thank you, indeed, I'm not under the sod yet," said my fair visitor—that is, I inferred her to be fair.

"A beautiful day, though a trifle cool. I see it necessitates your wearing—or carrying—a muff."

"It is not a trifle cool—it is cold."

"Well, well! A person's constitution and susceptibility to varying atmospheres differ. Until you came I should have considered it merely cool—now, as you say: it is cold—very cold. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, you are very civil. You can do anything, and that implies nothing—and yet a great deal. I'll tell you a secret."

I was all attention.

"But first," she continued, "I must ask you a question. I—well, were you ever in love?"

"Not knowing, I couldn't say."

"Oh, come; it is very important."

The answer seemed to disconcert my interlocutor.

"Now," said I, "the secret?"

"If you must, you must. I'm to be married this evening."

"Allow me to congratulate you—though I haven't seen the victim."

"Thank you, indeed. I thought I'd get your sympathy."

She said this with a winning smile—that is, I'm sure it was winning—though the veil prevented my seeing her face.

"But how can I be of service to you?"

I was puzzled to see her rise.

"Why, merely in this—"

She removed, or rather lifted, her veil, and betrayed a physiognomy remarkable for its beauty. I think I must have uttered an exclamation of some sort, for she asked in surprise "if anything was the matter?"

"*Pas du tout*," said I, felicitously springing French, "*pas du tout*—but you were about to tell me in what way I can be of service to you—and believe me, any favor I can bestow will be positive pleasure to me."

"Oh, really, will it?"—she seemed painfully embarrassed of a sudden—"you will pardon me," she resumed, "if I ask you to do much—not more than you will. I'm sure—but more than you would. I want you to witness the ceremony, Professor."

The compliment was a good one.

"I'm sure it will not come off *ad Kalendas Græcas*, for you seem so much in earnest—but, madam, may I ask definitely, what time?"

"You may," said she, facetiously, "and I'll tell you. In five minutes the dominie will be here—and the groom. You see, you are to give me away, and we'll have the ceremony here. As a reward for your kindness, we'll take you to the breakfast—or supper it will be, won't it?"

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I said it would.

"Madam, said I, keeping my orbs on the beautiful face, "madam," said I, "this is too sudden. This is altogether too sudden. I do not know you. I never in my life saw you before. You want me to give you away. I never have seen the groom—you want me not only to witness the ceremony but to furnish the house. It is much too sudden."

"Oh, I thought you'd say that—but please reconsider it. I must have a home wedding. Why, you can be the best man, maid of honor and the near relations and intimate friends, all at once."

"The relations would be strained," I retorted, in a vain attempt to take her flippantly. She did not smile, so I asked, "Madam, your name?"

"That," said she, "is neither here nor there."

"You are right. Is is neither here nor there. It is everywhere, and you must be—"

"I am," said she, quite simply.

"How delightful." I couldn't think of anything better to say, but she took offense.

"*Pas du tout*"—copying my French—"pas du tout! It is not delightful—it will be—see?"

I ignored her.

"If I give you away, I must call you something, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course. How thoughtless! Now, isn't it too stupid that I should forget so important an item? Item—a name! Really, don't you agree with me that I'm careless? Why, actually, once I sent flowers to a murderer—I am so absent—"

I interrupted.

"Madam, your name?"

"Jemima Jenkins."

"Thank you."

Two men entered the room—one a dominie, as Jemima termed him; the other, the husband-elect.

"Professor," said Jemima, "my betrothed—Mr. H. Augustus Dudley."

We bowed.

"The Rev. S. V. Peters."

We bowed.

"And now," said Mr. Dudley, "it's high time, my dear, for the fatal plunge—what is it, Professor, the poet sings—

"Are there not * * * * *
Two points in the adventures of a diver—
One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!"

"You quote admirably," said I.

It—the ceremony—soon was over. I gave the bride away.

"And now," said she, "we all shall vamose to breakfast."

"Supper," I corrected.

"Dinner," pleaded the dominie. He looked hungry.

"Be it as it may—to dinner, then."

[May I take a slight liberty and respectfully refer the reader to the first two paragraphs of this elaborate dissertation?]

—*Cortlandt van Winkle.*

THE CHUM

HIS courage had arrived at the psychological moment.
"It's a pity we don't know each other."

The brown feather betrayed a slight motion of surprise.
"Perhaps you have met me before," she suggested, ironically.

He was encouraged. He overlooked the haughty elevation of her chin.

"No, I haven't—that's the pity. I never meet anybody I know on the 'Limited.'"

There was no perceptible sign of interest.

"But I always seem to meet somebody I'd like to know." It was risky.

"And were you as rude to—the others?" She did not deem it necessary to raise her eyes.

"I wasn't as bold, but circumstances are different. You see, we are alone—"

"More reason why I should be free from discourtesies. Even the conductor—"

"That's just it. He could speak to you without eliciting your disapproval."

"In a business way—yes."

"Well, if I talk business—?"

"I am none of your business."

"But suppose—"

"Suppose we don't argue it."

It was hardly a rebuke.

He was studying the landscape. She made a careful survey of his profile. The little frown seemed to make it more attractive. She realized that she had been trapped into talking. She closed her lips determinedly, and her

gaze shifted to the mirror at the forward end of the car. Gradually she became aware that she was staring full into the reflection of his amused face.

She stared involuntarily, and was immediately ashamed of herself.

"Am I so bad?" He smiled.

Her head turned from him meaningly. He could barely see her profile.

Suddenly he arose and disappeared at the farther end of the car. He returned immediately. His features were forced into an expression of mock seriousness.

"Magazines!" he announced in unmistakable imitation. "Periodicals, madam?"

He boldly displayed a single volume. She took in the worn edges and the torn back at a glance. An idea suddenly occurred to her.

"How much?" She began fumbling in her satchel. She held a coin toward him.

It was a new obstacle.

"Why, madam, this is—a—er, sample copy."

"Then accept this as a tip." She was enjoying his confusion.

He saw no alternative. "In which case, I feel it my duty to explain certain features—"

"I detest agents!"

"Certain special features, the first of which—"

"Is your name written boldly across the top? I think I can manage, Mr. Davis."

"Then we are introduced," triumphantly.

"Are we?"

"I know enough about you—"

"My knowledge of you will suffice."

"I know that you are just the kind of girl I may expect to meet only under such adverse circumstances. Why is it that cousins and everyday people, whom you know, are always so different—so unattractive?"

She was turning the pages slowly and apparently unconsciously.

"For instance"—he found it necessary to place his fingers upon one of the pages—"there is one of my cousin's chums. I am to meet her this evening. Why doesn't she ride on trains and let other people be chums?"

The girl regarded the penciled caricatures critically. She was biting her lips to keep from smiling.

"Mouth a bit too large," she commented aloud to herself. She held the magazine at full length and tilted her head to one side, with the air of a serious critic.

Davis laughed, and the girl smiled in spite of herself.

"Not large *enough*. You don't know chums. Tall, slender, actually slim, wear spectacles—always."

He darted a hasty glance at her dark eyes. "Grey eyes, too, you know—probably keeps her mouth open all the time."

"I'd draw the line if she kept her mouth open most of the time." She felt it her duty to utilize this opportunity.

"Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"The—er—chum has my sympathy."

"Why, am I so bad? I'm sure, if our positions—" He found a new idea. "Will my talking to *myself* disturb you?"

"I can't regulate that."

"Well, it's just this way," he soliloquized: "I have a cousin—can't help that. The cousin has a chum, and thinks she's an angel. I've met such angels before."

"Having any fun?"

"I could have more."

"If I were to ask a question"—musingly—"it would be about why you are going there in spite of this."

"It's merely a matter of duty. Promised, you see. I don't expect a good time."

"One should do one's duty, by all means."

The whistle was blowing. Davis turned and addressed her directly.

"Perhaps you will be relieved to know that I am going to leave you at the next station. I have forfeited my little chance of ever knowing you. Of course we will never see each other again, and—if you'll allow me—I'm sure I'll be sorry. I believe I'll even miss you—am I acting queerly? I never was in such a position before. I hope you are not actually angry at me. Circumstances should alter cases, sometimes."

She was having a great deal of unnecessary trouble with a tiny valise strap.

The train was about to stop. She arose.

"You are not going to get off here?" His surprise was genuine.

"Of course. What would your cousin think of a guest who deserted her at the critical moment?"

"Why, I'm no deserter. I wish"—he paused and began thinking.

"I expect I'll *have* to see you again," she said. He was following her to the door. And I'll try not to keep my mouth open *all* the time."

It was too great a thing to be hastily comprehended.

"Are *you* Lillian Powell?" he said, abruptly.

She smiled maliciously at his obtuseness. "I'll be so introduced, unless you—desert."

He held the door open for her to pass.

"One must do one's duty," he said.

—Julian P. Alexander.

A FRAGMENT (CIR. 200 A. D.)

“ * * * * Look, Arsiste,
How when the clouds hang motionless and low,
Heavy the air, and tense with unseen fire,
Suddenly rises from the outer deep
A giant wind; that with tempestuous roar
Comes on with speed, and shakes the tower'd skies;
And as they crash, makes entry through the void,
And strikes the fetters from the gleaming arm
Of th' red lightning; which, given his release,
Forth flashes glad, and runs and leaps on high.
So now in shame and sorrow we endure,
But still believe, though bound to mortal woe,
That from a hidden deep will yet arise
A power to save; which, coming from afar,
Will terminate this lifelong waste and gloom,
And, shaking these foundations of decay,
Loosing the bondage of the prison-house,
Will from its grief, its chains, its darkened cell,
Bring forth the soul to joyful liberty.
Take comfort, then, nor yield thee to despair:
For if who wills finds in the firmament
This hope in lines of living light inscrib'd,
Believe me, man, this hope is not in vain.”

—*Robert Wallis Kellogg.*

A VIEW

THERE is a path leading over a hill between two towns. It is a wild, romantic path, crossed by the interlaced roots of trees, covered with a soft carpeting of leaves and surrounded by picturesque woods. Near the top of the hill, however, the woods suddenly open for a space and reveal a beautiful view. The country sweeps away from the foot of the hill to the westward. The land lies in huge squares, like a vast checkerboard, some brown and fallow, others waving with green or golden crops, with here and there a group of farm buildings, nestled amid a clump of trees by the roadside. Farther on is a city, with its shining roofs and glistening spires, past which runs a river, sweeping in majestic curves, until it is lost in the glimmering distance. And far away as the eye can see, lie low blue hills, so softened in the summer haze that it is hard to tell where the blue of the hills meets the blue of the sky.

Up the path comes a workman, plodding along wearily after a day of heavy labor in the fields. He seats himself for a few brief moments of rest, on a moss-covered rock near the opening in the woods. A life of hard toil, which has been a stubborn struggle with the elements, with rocks and stumps and unfruitful soil, has bent his frame, has lined his swarthy face and knotted his hard hands, and dulled his very mind. But, as he sits gazing out at the peaceful sunlit scene, a feeling of rest seems to steal into his tired body. In the brief time he remains there, the beauty of the view impresses even his hardened sensibilities, his warped spirit expands itself, while strange, indefinable feelings seem to stir in his heart—feelings which have not come to him since his youth. And he rises to go on his way, rested and refreshed, with a spirit close akin to prayer.

Not long after he has left, there comes trudging up the path a boy who has been spending the day fishing. Filled with a healthy fatigue, he throws himself on the cool grass by the side of the path, and gazes on the view before him. His eyes roam over the meadows, out to the city, with its roofs and spires and mystery of teeming life, and to the broad river which flows by it; and he follows the white sails of the ships far, far down the river, and out into the great, wide sea, and across it to foreign lands, where all kinds of adventures await the traveler. Then from the river, his eyes wander away to the hazy blue hills, and again he builds wonderful air castles, and plans for himself a fine future, and thinks thoughts and dreams. And then goes on his way, firmly believing that in such a well-ordered world as this his visions will all come true.

The sun is a little lower in the west, when two men come briskly up the path. One of them, a man with iron-gray hair and clean-cut features, is talking in a somewhat strident tone. "Yes, Jim, rush the thing through. It's a bad job, and I'm sorry to make you dirty your hands with it, but business is business, and it means a neat—A'h'h!" he exclaims, as they suddenly emerge in the clearing. "Fine outlook, eh?"

"Quite decent," assents the other, abstractedly.

"Mighty prosperous looking country, that," resumes the first man, in a seizing-up tone. "Nothing ramshackle about those buildings down there. Barns look good and roomy; plenty to fill 'em, too, with those crops. Every acre working over-time—well, well," he exclaims, as he catches sight of the city, "there's the old burg. Now," he continues enthusiastically to his companion, "that there's a growing town. See those ships? Every one of 'em's loaded to the gunwhale for foreign markets, and they're bringing back cash—cold, hard cash—yes, sir!" And he surveys things awhile with a general sort of pro-

prietorship. Finally his eyes light on a stretch of woods to the south. "See there," and he jerks his thumb in the direction he is looking. "That bit of landscape contains some timber—enough good yellow pine to build a town, and getting more valuable every day. If I was a young man and hadn't so many irons in the fire, I'd invest every cent I had there, and then lie back and get rich!" and he nodded his head significantly.

"Well," suggests the younger man, "guess we've got all there is here, haven't we? That 6:20 is about due."

"Right," agrees the other, and they turn down the path. "Now, as I was saying, Jim"—it is the strident voice again—"close that deal as quick as you can. It's a question of—" But the words become inaudible, as they plunge hurriedly down the hill, through the woods.

Youthful voices are heard soon after this, coming up from below, and a youth and a maid are seen climbing the hill, breathless with exertion and laughter. As the girl comes suddenly upon the view, she gives a cry of delight. "Oh, isn't it glorious!" she exclaims.

"Yes, it is," the youth agrees, gazing nowhere but in her glowing face. And then they both look out upon the landscape, brightly colored as a cathedral window, and they vie with each other in pointing out the beauties before them.

"See those cattle," cries the girl, "way down below there, wading knee-deep in the brook."

"And the splendid, large white mansion, just showing through those evergreens," exclaims the youth.

"And the shadows of the clouds on the fields," responds the girl, "how still they are."

"Look," directs the youth, and he points away to the south, over the fields and the woods, where they can just make out the sails of ships on the ocean beyond. And

after exhausting the charms of the broad expanse before them, they vanish down the hill, still talking and laughing with the animation of eighteen.

The sun is commencing to throw long shadows toward the east, when an old man climbs painfully up the path. His hair is white and his frame somewhat stooped, and his patient face shows that he has long since resigned himself to the infirmities and limitations of advancing age. He is fatigued by the unaccustomed exertion, and stands a while before the opening to regain his breath and strength. For a long time he remains gazing upon the wide panorama in silence. And then, "How beautiful it is," he murmurs, looking away to the far-off hills, "how beautiful—and yet—it seems as though an indefinable spirit of sadness rests over it all." And he gazes a while more in silence, and then turns away down the hill, his mind somehow filled with thoughts of his childhood and his youthful ambitions.

Thus each one has looked at the landscape through his own magic glass. And the sun goes down in a splendor of summer glory, leaving at last only a faint after-glow along the western hills, and the cool and quiet of evening fills the air.

—W. J. Funk.

IN A SHAWESQUE VEIN

"What is woman? A riddle."

—Nietzsche.

PART I.

I WAS floating in the sea.

Up and down the waves tossed me; down and up again.

In spite of all this commotion, I lay without fear on my back, looking up to the hazy, blue summer sky, and listening dreamily to the shrieks of the seagulls that fluttered over the waters.

It grew rather monotonous; so I closed my eyes.

I was awakened by a slap on my back.

"Hello," it said.

"Hi, hi! a mermaid; I'll catch her." To my great bewilderment, I was trying to swim in sand. Was I at the bottom of the sea? The voice continued:

She—"Wake up. I have something to tell you."

I opened my eyes and sat up, startled. At first I could not see anything. Blue and green spots danced before my eyes. Then I beheld a fascinating young woman, with pretty brown, curly hair, sitting before me on the beach.

I (gasping)—"Where am I?"

She (with a malicious twinkle in her eye)—"On land."

I—"And who are you?"

She—"I am a woman" (raising her head proudly and giving me a disdainful look).

I—"What kind of a woman? One of the old, helpful, amiable kind, or one of those modernized, hysterical creatures, that call themselves advocates of women's rights, wreckers of man's tyranny, and cannot even make potpie or darn stockings?"

She (with a simper, running her fingers through my hair)—“Poor boy; where have you been all this time? Have you heard nothing of the great movement, its successes and final achievements? The great movement which, preceded by a false dawn when knighthood was in flower, was forgotten until, resumed again in the nineteenth century, it lifted its mighty pinions in the next, and plucked the well-earned fruit?”

I—“Must have been very uncourteous of that apple to hang so high.”

She (continuing grimly)—“It was no apple, but it was—the Supremacy over Man!”

A laugh exposed her white teeth to my view. I was reminded of a panther who is ready to leap upon his prey. Could I help burying my head in the sand, like an ostrich in danger?

She laughed again.

I jumped up and, facing her, stammered.

I—“How far does this supremacy go?”

She—“Culture, thought, government and love are woman’s exclusive monopoly. Man rears the children, pushes the baby carriage and performs other menial labor. We, alone, pass judgment over men if they offend against morality, whatever this offence may be. For instance, I am a judge, and recently I sentenced a man for gross misdemeanor to three months of hard labor. This scoundrel had the shocking impertinence at a tea table, mind you, where ladies sit, to leave his spoon in the cup while drinking tea.”

I (echoing)—“Shocking!”

She—There was another fellow who, before our victory, married me. I being a prominent member of the W. R. A., resolved to start at home, and therefore, one day, presented him a milliner’s bill. It wasn’t large—not

more than six hundred dollars. He, like a true outcast, beat me. I got a divorce, and later on had him electrocuted."

I—"What a hard punishment for such extreme sagacity."

She—"This chap called himself a superman. Now, the trashier an article gets the more it is boomed as being far superior to anything else. The man knew he was degenerating, so he began to advertise himself as the superman." (Seeing my expression.) "I suppose you, little sissy, think you are one, too."

I—"Quite the contrary, madame."

She—"I have forgotten something. Yes, indeed, the greatest feature of the reform is: The Monopoly of Love!"

I (cautiously slipping my watch into my pocket)—"Madame, I am aware of the fact."

She—"For the very reason that you have few convolutions in your brain, I shall love you and teach you how to respond to my affection. Believe all I say, do all I tell you!"

I—(bowing, with dignity)—"I shall!"

She (siren-like)—"Do you remember, little boy, that motor boat trip?"

I—"Yes, dear."

She—"And that lovely candy I brought you, and the delightful moon that night, and the poem I recited to you so rapturously in the low sighing of the night wind?"

I (wailing)—"The eternal feminine, the eternal nuisance!"

She (slapping my mouth)—"Be quiet, little one, and behave yourself" (More monopolizingly.) "And do you recall that honeyed kiss my cherry lips imprinted upon yours, the vows you made by Venus, the star of lovers, always to serve, to adore, to deify me?"

I (meekly)—“Madame, I do.”

She—“Then come into my arms, baby. Let heart beat against heart.”

* * * My strength failed, my brain began to reel, I fainted. Still that terrible word rang in my ears.

PART II.

My life being at a premium for having rejected a woman’s love, I fled to Venice, where I led a peaceful life until that fatal night.

After a light supper, I wended my way to the Grand Canal and hailed a gondolier. How swiftly we glided along. It was amazing to me how we avoided the other gondolas that darted through the darkness with nothing but small lanterns to announce their approach. At a large marble palace the boat stopped.

The host, a middle-aged, diamond-bedecked count, received me with a strong air of civility and a faint air of garlic. The ball-room was filled with people, but, at my request, he presented to me only his nearest friends.

My host lingered thoughtfully about for a while.

“Q’avez-vous donc, monsieur?” said I, noticing his absorbed attention.

“There is a lady that has heard of your fame as a man of the world and a traveler, and would like to make your acquaintance. Elle est tres charmante,” he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

“Certaintment; show her up; I never objected to a pretty woman.

“Why, there she is. Mademoiselle Y., I take the liberty of introducing to you my distinguished guest, Monsieur Neversuch. With a smile, he disappeared in the throng.

At this moment the first chords of a Hungarian dance were heard.

I—"Voulez vous dansez, mademoiselle?"

She—"Avec beaucoup de plaisir, monsieur."

The music was wild and passionate. We glided over the floor in close rhythmical harmony.

I—"Vous dansez admirablement, mademoiselle."

She did not answer, but I could see her eyes flash through the mask.

Far too soon the music stopped.

We repaired to the pavilion and seated ourselves at a table near the railing, whence we could see the canal, with its multitude of shooting stars, waxing and waning, going and coming.

I am ashamed to state that I grew very affectionate in my speech toward her. I forgot how often we clinked glasses, how often loving looks were exchanged. There is trouble in wine!

I—"Mademoiselle, ôter votre masque, afinque que je ovie votre beaute."

She (unmasking)—"Monsieur, do you remember me?"

I (stammering)—"You have black hair, though."

She—"Non, monsieur; my hair has become black with anger. But now I have ze monsieur pinched." (Giggling.) "I shall keep him all my life. I shall take ze gentleman back, and ze papers will say: 'Again la supremabil des femmes has been proven.'"

One minute longer and I would be lost. I already began to feel like a poor little bird under the hypnotic influence of a serpent.

My limbs refused to act, large beads of cold, clammy sweat stood on my forehead.

"Courage, courage on the very brink of death."

I arose with the intention to dash through the ball-room, and then downstairs into the open.

Alas! weeping, she clung to my swallow-tails. I could not shake her off. We entered the ball-room amidst wild

applause. The spectators barred my way. A motley circle of strange faces greeted me with sneering clamor. The noise grew more intense every second. I—

* * * * *

PART III.

Heidelberg is a great place in which to be exiled—Heidelberg, justly famed for wine, women and song.

The women, here, are purest gems, for they are taught to be modest and religious, and to cook and sew to perfection. As this education has been upheld without change for ages, the above laudable qualities have become hereditary, so that little schooling is needed.

These thoughts I enjoyed that evening in Heidelberg—enjoyed them quite as much as my beer and the gorgeous sunset. After my meal I lighted a cigar and pensively watched the rings of smoke rise slowly into the quiet air.

“What a relief,” I thought, “to be in a country where women can make potpies and darn socks. Thrice be it blessed.” I folded my hands piously.

“Nichtwahr?” I addressed the neatly attired waitress. She blushed furiously.

“What an innocent, unpretentious rosebud,” I thought. “I’ll marry her and be done with it. Willst du mich haben?”

She (pulling at her apron and casting her eyes down)—“Wenn der Herr es will.”

That was the way to talk: “If the gentleman is so inclined.”

We took a cab to the next magistrate.

He wanted to know my name.

“Jack Neversuch.”

“He lies,” the girl calmly said; “that is his ‘bachelor-name.’ I claim him as my husband.”

I opened the window, leaped out, ran to the Neckar,
and yelling "Peroride!" dove into the river.

Then I woke up.

"What did you have last night, old man?" my friend
asked, holding an empty tumbler in his hand.

—*William Morris Griscom, Jr.*

THE SWALLOWS

THERE above the deep-blue surface
 Of the peaceful sleeping water,
While the sun was slowly sinking
Down behind the tow'ring forest,
There I saw the fairy mazes
Of the swallows swiftly skimming
In and out, with wings unweared.
Brightly colored darts of being,
How they rose with call contented,
High into the waning sunlight;
Then a glide, and o'er the surface
Round they whirled and chased their shadows,
With a wealth of rhythmic motion.
So I watched their ceaseless weaving
Till they vanished in the shadows,
And the twilight glow departing,
Fled away and left me—darkness.

—*Spencer W. Phraner.*

SHAKESPERE'S QUIETUS!

A LITTLE volume has recently been published called "Tolstoy on Shakespere"—a curious little volume which one would hardly read beyond the second page except for the name of the author. Following Tolstoy's critique, in this book, is an article by Ernest Crosby, on Shakespere's snobbish attitude toward the working classes; and lastly comes a letter—and here is the really serious part—in which Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, with several well-placed kicks, completely loosens Shakespere's bust from its pedestal, and, muttering "*et tu Bernard?*," it crashes on the ground in a thousand pieces.

There are certain things on which we are accustomed to rely as settled facts, such as the stability of the earth, the permanence of the pyramids, the punctuality of the solar system—and the validity of Shakespere's fame; and if any one of these is shaken, it rather takes our breath; but Shaw has overthrown Shakespere's reputation, and Shaw is an honorable—is a very successful dramatist.

Ben Jonson and Dryden worshiped Shakespere, Samuel Johnson and Pope paid him the honor of becoming his editors. Madame de Stael, Diderot, Guizot, Victor Hugo and a host of French authors and dramatists eulogized him. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and their entire school of German dramatists were the direct product of his influence. And such majestic minds as Emerson and Milton have acknowledged Shakespere's supremacy and paid loving tribute to his genius. But Shaw says he had no genius—and Shaw is a very, very able dramatist.

It is rather pitiful, when you consider it, that the world has been so long deceived. After all, you can fool all the people all the time—except Shaw. We had been taught from childhood that Lear, and Hamlet, and Othello, and

Macbeth were four gems of the drama which Father Time, after relentless siftings, had selected as worthy of preservation; but Shaw says Shakespere could not write good English, and Shaw, as we all know, is a very, very great dramatist; they are all great dramatists—this trio of writers—and honorable men. The voice of my muse falls to a mysterious whisper; the air darkens. Shaw is sitting alone in his study, writing feverishly. When he finishes a paragraph he picks up the paper and re-reads it with audible admiration. "Wonderful! Wonderful! I don't see how to do it. How strange are the hidden springs of genius!"

He falls to again with freshened vigor. His lamp burns lower. Enter now the ghost of Shakespere, which glances around the room; its eyes finally rest upon Shaw, still busily writing, and just a ghost of a smile flits across its features. The light grows dimmer, and finally Shaw ceases writing, turns around in his chair, and, not yet seeing the ghost, muses:

"H'm'm! Dear me—It's very annoying—On what hath this our Shakespere fed that he has grown so great? He strides the world like a Colossus, while we poor dramatists creep and crawl between his legs to find ourselves dishonorable graves. How absurd the public is—blind—hypnotized. It's very strange. Why, I've compared passages of my plays with his, put every bit of bias out of my mind, and every time—that's the peculiar part of it—every single time mine have got the verdict. I suppose it would be more modest to let posterity judge, but when a thing is so evident, so absurdly—"

Shaw catches sight of the ghost and starts guiltily. His first thought is that Shakespere himself must have come to put so dangerous a rival out of the way. Then the ghost soliloquizes:

"Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost [Shaw looks uneasy],
 a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
 His greatness is ripening—nips the root,
 And then he falls as I do."

Shaw hastily interrupts:

"Don't take it so hard, please!"

Ghost resumes:

"My honor has gone! All my glories
 In this one man I now have lost forever;
 No sun shall ever usher forth—"

Shaw again breaks in, sympathetically:

"My dear fellow, don't take it to heart so. It's natural—perfectly natural. There's no man so good but what there's one better. The same thing might happen to any of us, you know. Why, I shouldn't wonder, some day, if a greater dramatist comes along and supplants me! It's possible, quite possible."

Another ghost of a ghostly smile escapes Shaw as the ghost raises its shrouded arm and points its finger at Shaw, who loses several shades of color. The ghost, in measured tones:

"I'll meet thee at—the Empire Theater."

Shaw (much relieved): "Do! do! And say, old man, no offense, you know—just between poet and poet—you'll find a lot better play there than you ever—"

But the ghost vanished; and did his ears deceive him, or was it the wind, perhaps, that seemed to sigh a soft, "Oh'h'h, P-Shaw!"

Shakespere has reached a very comfortable position. When he is criticised, we turn curious, questioning eyes upon the critic. Thus Tolstoy, in his present role, throws new light—on Tolstoy. And yet, is it new? Could not anyone acquainted with his character and life have easily foretold his attitude toward Shakespere? Tolstoy has lived all his days in the black chaos of a tyrannic monarchy. His nature has been tempered in a furnace of white heat, and very nearly all grace and humor—except of a very grim sort—have been burnt out of it. He regards life as a terribly serious proposition. It would seem as though he had read the inscription on the gates of some Busyrane, "Be earnest," and on the second gate, "Be earnest, be earnest and evermore be earnest," but had in some way passed by the third gate, "Be not too earnest." Life is too important a matter to take so seriously. This lack of humor on Tolstoy's part contributes something toward explaining the anomaly. A man whose seriousness does not carry a playful ripple here and there on its surface, must of necessity regard every object in life from a widely different angle than did Shakespere—this Shakespere, whose plays are flooded as full of humor as Claude's landscapes are of sunshine.

Tolstoy's tragic passion for truth is another element which must be taken into consideration—that peculiar, truculent kind of passion that is fatal to art; the kind that demands in a drama, a novel or a painting, an obnoxiously evident moral, not realizing that the surest way to impress a moral on the mind is by discreet indirection and suggestion. Had Shakespere possessed an all-dominating passion of this type, it would have broken through the beautiful, delicate fabric of his plays, and left them torn and scarred and terrible as are those of Tolstoy.

Tolstoy looks on Shakespere's plays with a moral frown and pronounces them indecent. We question his power

to judge in this regard. When a man lives a dissolute youth, as did Tolstoy, and scatters wild oats with a free hand, however completely and sincerely he may afterwards reform, he has already dulled forever that instinctive discrimination between virtue and vice which inheres in every normal man. This side of his nature is, as it were, burnt out. In place of being intuitive, his perception of vice has become only intellectual, and he is apt, out of his morbid fear, to swing far to an extreme and condemn things as vicious which are free from any real taint.

Finally, we must remember that Tolstoy is a real iconoclast—a rebel—and that such a man soon learns to take a certain pleasure and even pride—perhaps unconscious—in standing with the minority and opposing tradition on all occasions. Shakespere's fame has become a tradition. It has been handed down as sacred from generation to generation, and it is therefore a logical target for Tolstoy. But there is a still deeper reason. Shakespere was no reformer. He accepted the society by which he found himself surrounded, without question, and gave it expression in his plays. On the other hand, Tolstoy is revolutionary. He turns a hostile front upon society and its conventions; and a natural outcome of this attitude is his savage attack upon Shakespere's seeming indifference. Tolstoy cannot appreciate Shakespere. Perhaps it might be significant in this regard to state that he cannot appreciate any other dramatists, and that his relations with the stage, its actors, or anything that is connected with the presentation of the drama have always been anything but sympathetic. Witness the following unfortunate statement in the essay on Shakespere:

"But when it was decided that the height of perfection was Shakspere's drama, and that he ought to write as he did, not only without any religious, but without any moral significance, then all writers of dramas in imitation of him

began to compose such empty pieces as those of Goethe, Schiller and Hugo, and an innumerable number of other more or less celebrated dramatic productions, which fill theatres, and can be prepared wholesale by anyone who happens to have the idea or desire to write a play."

Tolstoy is blind to the charms of Shakespere; he was also blind to the beauties of Italy, with her sunny sky and blue sea, her olive groves and bronzed vines; as is shown in his writings, he passed quite unimpressed through her Eternal City, her Florence and her Venice—scenes which had given a re-birth to the artistic natures of such men as Milton, Ruskin and Goethe. It is plain—very plain—that Tolstoy's ascetic, rigid, despotic nature, whose chief characteristic is a stern morality, has no affinity with Shakespere's elusive, asthetic, impalpable nature, whose chief characteristic is a silvery delicacy—who is nature's child.

Ernest Crosby's article, in this little book, is wholly sincere and mildly interesting. By elaborate quotation, he proves Shakespere an aristocrat—which his admirers had already guessed—maybe regretted. He proves that this most sensitive of artistic temperaments had an inborn loathing for "sweaty night-caps," and "garlic and onion breaths," which his admirers also admit and deplore. But with this as a basis, he blames Shakespere because he did not assume a twentieth century attitude toward the working classes; because he did not remember ahead three hundred years, and incorporate in his plays some modern labor problems. Mr. Crosby forgets that if Shakespere had miraculously done all this, he would have had small and—we think—very, very bewildered audiences in his day and generation.

I am afraid that we have met a case of three modern Don Quixotes and a tolerably substantial wind-mill. Let's smile and pass on.

—W. J. Funk.

Hitermath

THE DYING FORESTER

THROUGH window-panes I see the sun
Gleam on the waters calm and clear,
Whose sandy border once I trod.
Now I lie here.

Faint on the crisp autumnal air
The pine trees' fragrant odors come,
With mem'ries of the soft-eyed deer
In forest home.

Soft lights sink lower in the sky,
The splendor of the day is gone.
So joys of brook, and lake, and wood,
For me are done.

—Charles Edward Roche.

EXPERIENCE AND OPINIONS

TWO men were walking down the Road of Life. They were talking earnestly. If we had had the power of making ourselves invisible, and had been near them, we would have discovered that they were discussing the "Eternal Question Mark"—Woman.

I suppose I should now devote a few lines to the description of these men. One should be tall and broad-shouldered, with the eyes of a hawk, and the other shorter, but with the "firmly-moulded chin, that denotes character." But all this is unnecessary for our purpose.

The only thing essential for our knowledge of the two men is that they were old enough to think they knew a good deal about the subject of their conversation.

"You see," explained one man (I leave his description to the imagination of the reader), "the whole trouble with me is that I'm in love with the Abstract Idea of a woman. Now, my ideal of a woman is thus and so, and does thus and so (this, also, I leave to the reader's imagination. Probably he has a few ideas on the subject). But I can't find a real live illustration of that ideal to save my life. Everyone I've seen, either can't do some of the things she ought to do, or else she adds a few extra flourishes of her own. Now, if I could find one that would answer to my ideal—well, I should feel the same way towards *her* as I do towards *it*. But I seriously believe that such a woman has yet to appear on the face of the earth."

Now, there is an old, white-haired man who is always to be found somewhere along this Road of Life down which our two friends were traveling. He is a cranky old man in some ways, and his duty is to instruct people how best to make a journey on this road. Just how old he is, no one knows, but our fathers tell us about him, and their fathers told them, and so back as far as the generations of man reach. His name is Father Experience. He has at least one attribute denied to us common mortals—he can make himself invisible, see all we do, listen to all we say, and then reproach us with our own words and acts when we have grown older. From this you can understand how disagreeable he can be at times, especially if one loses one's sense of humor.

But, to return to our story. This same Father Experience, of whom I have been telling you, was present in his invisible form, with our two friends, and heard all that passed between them. As the first man finished his re-

marks, Old Experience smiled to himself, for he saw that the man thought himself rather clever. Then the second man took up the conversation.

"I read just the other day," said he, "some lines in a play, that just exactly express my feelings. Alexander the Great is talking to a philosopher, and he asks, 'What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?'

Philosopher—"One thing."

Alexander—"What?"

Philosopher—"That she is a woman?"

"Now, that explains just how I feel," said the man. "You see, there are a good many individual examples of the sex that I like fairly well, so far as they go, but then they're only women, after all. I wouldn't—"

"Yes," interrupted his companion, "I see we are both 'confirmed bachelors,' as they say, but for different reasons. I agree—"

At this point Father Experience, fearing lest he betray himself with the laugh that was struggling for expression, fled precipitously, and, since he was the one who overheard the conversation and told it to me, we must rest satisfied with what we have heard.

But this is not the end of our two wise friends. It was some years later, as Father Experience told me, when he again met these two men, walking together down the road. They had not seen each other since their conversation several years before, and consequently had many things to talk of. Precisely what these matters were is not important for us. (The reader may easily imagine them.)

Finally the men came to a place where two paths joined the road, one on each side. Almost as if by preconcerted arrangement, a woman stepped into the road from each path, gave a little cry of surprise, and advanced to meet the men. For a moment the companions were transfixed.

Then, with a sheepish glance at each other, they said,
almost in the same breath:

“Permit me to present you to my wife.”

And Cupid, who is frequently the accomplice of Father Experience in changing men's opinions to precisely opposite convictions, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

—*Tertius van Dyke.*

THE DROUGHT

THE iron earth, the brazen sky,
Are filled with palpitating light,
And day by day the sun starts up
In cruel, undiminished might.

The roads are thick with clogging dust,
The leaves are filmed with clinging white;
In vain the weary traveler looks
For rest or respite, to the night.

Thy people, Lord, are very faint,
And, bound beneath their miseries,
Send forth the grateful show'rs of rain
From out Thy boundless treasures.

Leonard Chester Jones.

Editorial

An innovation in Princeton theatrical attainments for this year has been the production by the newly-formed "English Dramatic Association" of Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," which we understand has never before been presented in America.

For the past few years plays have been presented by the French and German Clubs, and a comic opera by the Triangle Club, but when it was announced that still another play was to be given, it seemed to many of us that we had found the proverbial straw to break the camel's back. The more especially were we apprehensive because a play was chosen that demanded such great acting ability in addition to hard work in the two leading parts. But Mr. Deems in the title role and Mr. Van Winkle as Mephistophilis, exceeded even our wildest dreams. Running the gamut of almost all the emotions, Mr. Deems at the same time retained perfect control over himself, and, gazing continually, with rare insight, into the character of Dr. Faustus, he won the spontaneous and well-merited applause of a large audience. Mr. Van Winkle, too, achieved a brilliant success. In a part that frequently required his presence on the stage without having lines to speak, he played with dignity and confidence where the ordinary amateur would have failed. The work of Mr. Schroeder, who played the parts of the Old Man and Robin, was of a very high order. That he could make the changes necessary to the interpretation of these two characters is remarkable proof of his versatility.

May 1907

Many critics are of the opinion that the comic scenes of "Dr. Faustus" are spurious, and it is admitted by practically everybody that they are inferior to the other parts. Even so, a most creditable performance of these scenes was presented. The mock Incantation scene, in which Mephistophilis (Mr. Van Winkle) turns Robin (Mr. Schroeder) and Ralph (Mr. Brennan) into an ape and a dog, was particularly well done.

After the fashion of the Ben Greet Players, "Dr. Faustus" was presented without the aid of scenery, two Pages making the necessary changes in the arrangements of the stage properties. This made an additional tax upon the actors, for the modern mind, accustomed to the delusion of complex scenic effects, has lost somewhat in imaginative ability.

To be brief, the whole play was a surprising revelation, not only of the ability of the actors, but of the acting possibilities of the play. It marks a red letter day in the annals of Princeton, not only for this year, but for all years.

We understand that this custom of presenting some play of the general type of "Dr. Faustus" is to be continued in the coming year, and that an organization has been formed under the name of the "English Dramatic Association," for this purpose. The wisdom of this determination cannot be overestimated. To see one such play acted, not to mention actually taking part, is worth reading half-a-dozen for oneself. An institution of so much profit and enjoyment must succeed.

Gossip

It was the last night of April. A soft spring rain was falling, and a clinging mist blurred the lights of the campus. The Gossip, clad in his stiff yellow slicker, was making his way reluctantly toward the sanctum. As he pulled the key from his pocket and let himself into the room, the great bell of Old North solemnly boomed out eleven o'clock. The Gossip pulled off his slicker and sank into a chair. "Of all nights in the year to be compelled to write 'something,'" he said, dejectedly, "this is the worst. But I suppose that bothersome editor will approach me to-morrow with his bland smile and inquire about 'the customary two-page article.'

"Personally," he said, addressing the inkstand, "I haven't an idea in my head. I wish Monsieur Bicker or Mistress Hearsay would drop in. They are so erratic. Usually around when they're not needed. But then I suppose they have a good many calls to pay, these warm spring evenings."

The Gossip opened his desk and took out some paper and a pen. Then he leaned back in his chair and listened to the soft swish of the rain on the grass.

"Hello, Sam Jones!"

The shout brought the Gossip to himself with a start. He looked at the blank paper on the table and almost smiled. Then he dipped his pen in the ink and wrote slowly at the top of the page: "Gossip." With a sigh he relapsed into his former position, and a moment later found himself unconsciously repeating the old lines:

"Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring ;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo."

Now, you must not imagine that the Gossip was any further out of his head than usual ; he was simply the victim of that feeling of contented indolence that begins to come upon us when the grass grows green and the maple buds turn red.

A moment later the Gossip found himself wondering how late it was. But, for fear of disturbing his perfect contentment, he remained leaning back in his chair.

“ If asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell,”

murmured the Gossip, as his eyelids drooped—

“ If asleep—who—can—”

But the Gossip was asleep, and the twelve strokes of Old North that rang out a moment later fell upon unlistening ears.

* * * * *

The Gossip stirred a little uneasily in his chair, and the next minute he was sitting up and rubbing his eyes. A broad band of golden sunlight lay across the table, and outside the birds were singing in the campus trees. The Gossip felt rather foolish, especially when he looked at the paper lying before him, with the one word, “ Gossip,” written on it. He was about to arise from his chair, when a soft voice behind him said, “ I beg your pardon, but—”

The Gossip turned quickly around (uncomfortable in the feeling that we all have about our looks after a nap) and began to apologize incoherently for everything, until he was interrupted by the silvery laughter of his companion.

“ You mustn’t apologize,” she said, “ because, in the first place, I am the intruder. Yet, I hardly expected to find anyone here at this time,” she explained.

The Gossip, it must be confessed, was not listening very carefully. The face of his visitor was strangely familiar, yet he could not, for the life of him, think of a suitable name.

“ Will you let me see what you have been doing ? ” she asked, after a moment.

The Gossip pointed sheepishly to the page, with the single word on it.

“ Working ? ” she queried.

The Gossip laughed. “ You can call it that,” he said.

The girl laughed, too. "This is no time for work," she said, "come out, under the broad sky, with me. The meadows are full of flowers. Will you come?"

The Gossip saw the wreath of violets in her hair and the smile on her lips. Suddenly, his memory came back to him, as he repeated to himself the words of the old song :

"Welcome, fair Queen of May !
Sing, sweet air !
Welcome Fair !
Welcome be the Shepherds' Queen ?
The glory of all our green !"

And as May turned and fled out into the sweet morning air, the Gossip slammed his desk shut and ran after her.



GLOVES

may be right and not be
Fownes, but they can't be

FOWNES

and not be right.

Editor's Table

The gravest criticism against the *Yale Courant* for April is the deplorable lack of verse. This department has not a single representative in the table of contents, and certainly, with little effort, this oversight can be remedied. The poetry of the undergraduate world holds its acknowledged and well-merited position beside the other branches of literature so well represented in the *Courant*. We also feel that the editors rather harm than help their magazine by permitting the use of some of the amateur art which accompanies several of the articles. Aside from these slight defects, the number is very interesting and well up to the usual high standard. Description like that in "The Island of Marken" is as welcome as it is unusual in the college monthly. Let us have more of it, and more verse, in the future.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has carried out a novel idea in devoting the major portion of the April number to the work of alumnae. We are glad to see that the literary work of several has not been dropped with the taking up of the duties of the outside world. "The Gifte" is a psychological study in heredity, presented by means of a story of peasant life. The Scottish dialect is always difficult to handle, and we cannot but feel that this might have been improved upon. Yet the problem is a hard one, since the Scot has lived long in London, and for a time has laid aside his mother tongue. An account of "An Industrial School for the Sea Islanders" is a welcome revelation of the negro in almost native freedom, and is the most interesting contribution by the alumnae. Of the undergraduate work, we wish to commend "Evensong"—a rich harmony of feeling and color. The editorial department is very full—perhaps a bit too full—but contains much interesting and opportune comment on the busy life of the campus.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* contains an essay of unusual historical interest, relating the formation and life of the Ribbon Societies. To one not acquainted with the customs of that university, it proves a

means of insight into unsuspected social conditions. We wish the editors of the magazine might give us some enlightenment as to whether or not the writer is a member of the Faculty. If an undergraduate, we admire his boldness in dealing with an unpleasant topic from the personal standpoint. The clever use of alliteration in Mr. Bardin's "April" makes the verses very graceful and easy. "The Ultimate Ego" shows strong color and true love, even if we do expect the end from the beginning. "Sweet Wild April" is a charming song of flowers and birds and new life, as happy as it is reasonable. The story of "Abe" is full of good action, with well-handled dialect. Abe is typical in his moral ethics, or the lack of them. The three incidents are rather loosely bound together, however. Dialect of a different kind is equally well handled in "A Matter of Jurisdiction." As a whole, the number is excellent, the several departments vieing with each other in merit.

APRIL

April weaves a wondrous web—
Warp of grey and woof of green,
Softest sky and tinted turf—
Whispering winds and moonlight sheen—

Dancing dews drip gently down,
Sinuous lilies sway and swing,
Robins lilt in lyric lays,
April's song of joyous spring.

—James C. Bardin, in *University of Virginia Magazine*.

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Book Talk

"Prophet's Landing"

Our nation has begun to wake up to the realization that a change must soon take place in the business methods of the large corporations and trusts in general, if we are to remain long in the high position of esteem to which we have raised ourselves. This fact is brought home to us in a novel way by the latest book from the pen of Mr. Dix. The question deals not with trusts, but with the principles and ethics which govern the trusts. The story, virile and interesting throughout, is of the life of a small Connecticut community, where an enterprising man forgets his duty to his fellow-men, and for a time considers his personal advantage alone. It is a question of the brotherly co-operation of the country habits as opposed to the striving competition of city methods. By the timely warning of the Prophet, a weirdly fascinating patriarch, this man is brought to a comprehension of his errors. A charming and natural love story adds interest to this proof that right is might. (*"Prophet's Landing,"* by Edwin Asa Dix. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.)

—L. M. T.

